

Leonard's COLUMN

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

Latest Pictures of Jess Willard in Training at Toledo

Snapped by Edgren and Rushed East by Aeroplane Mail

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Willard 8 to 5 Favorite in First Real Bet Recorded on Fight.

Overnight, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

THE first real bet on the Willard-Dempsey fight that we have heard of was recorded at the race track, and according to its terms Willard is the favorite at 8 to 5. The bet was \$1,000, Jack Curley taking the short end. Curley repeated to me his belief that Dempsey is a cinch to beat the big champion, who, he says, isn't in shape and cannot get in condition following his long lay-off and the free and easy mode of living he has followed since accumulating plenty of money.

"If Willard wins this fight," says Curley, "then all the dope we have read and have come to believe, that he is successful an athlete must keep in condition and live a life of abstinence, is all wrong."

"If Willard wins this fight," he might just as well come to the conclusion right away that there is no need of a champion taking care of himself. He can do as he likes, eat, drink and neglect himself physically and still be invincible."

"I don't care what anybody says to the contrary," continued Curley, "Willard has abused himself considerably since he won the championship from Johnson. He has drunk more than his share of the red eye stuff. When one or two drinks might satisfy the average man, Willard has consumed it by the bottle."

"I know he has been in training for a couple of months, but no one can make me believe that he can train out of his system, in that short time, stuff he has swilled into it in a couple of years. It can't be done."

Gossip of Willard's overindulgence in red liquor has been heard from time to time, but it has always proved just gossip. If he has acquired the same habit, he has done so very quietly. Jess has never attempted to deny that he has taken a drink from time to time, but he has always laughed at the suggestion that he was drunk when he fought for him. Curley, however, professes to know what he is talking about.

MEET Tom O'Rourke with big Fred Fulton in town. Tom is planning to take a trip to Europe with Fulton to clean up the heavyweight classes there and return and fight Willard for the title. O'Rourke thinks that Willard will still be champion at that time. In fact, he doesn't believe Dempsey will look in on July 4. "Dempsey will be as powerful against Willard as a cow on a railroad track would be against an engine," says O'Rourke. "If Jess gets a good crack at Dempsey he will turn him a flip."

"Who'll win?" we asked Fulton, who sat beside O'Rourke, listening to the new manager's talk.

"Willard will beat him," he replied tersely.

TOM SHARKEY didn't wait to be asked his opinion of the fight when we met him at the race track just as he was in the act of "going south" with a bank roll, including several century notes.

"Who's going to win the fight?" he asked point blank. Before we could answer, Tom said:

"I think this Dempsey specimen is a sure thing. He's the finest specimen of an athlete I've seen in thirty years. And he can hit. I saw him hit a fellow in New Orleans and thought it was the hardest punch ever delivered in the ring."

We called Sharkey's attention to Bob Edgren's story of how Willard's sparring partner banged Willard on the jaw only to have their punches bounce back at them without moving Jess's head. We also reminded Tom of his own fight with Jeffries at Coney Island, when for twenty-five rounds he plunged into Jeff with all kinds of punches and couldn't budge the big reformer or ward off his return attack.

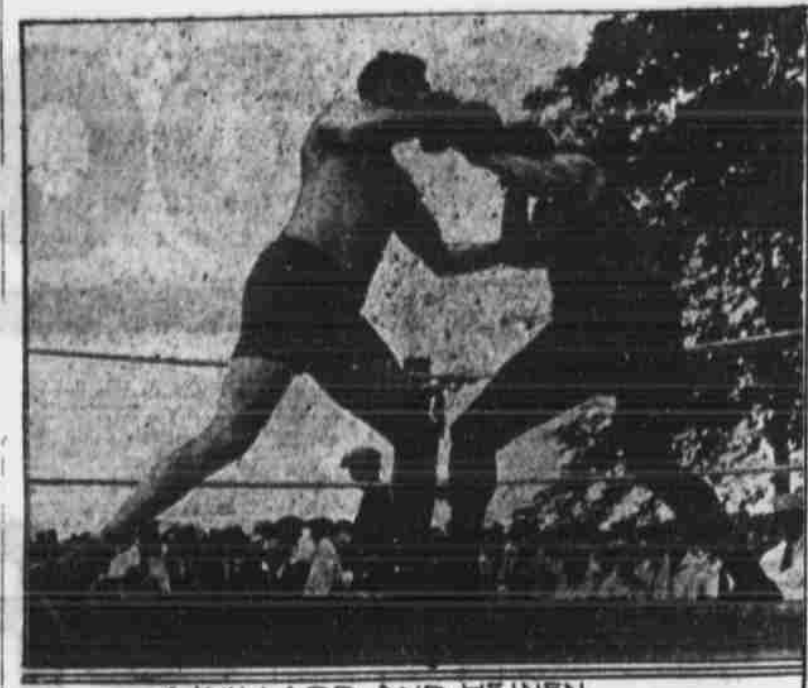
"Yes," said Tom, reflectively, "I sure did hit Jeff hard and often, but I couldn't hurt him."

"Well, wasn't that discouraging?" we asked.

"It certainly was," said Sharkey. "And there is nothing that will beat man out of his head excepting him." Sharkey, however, still adhered to his original statement that Dempsey will win.

A COMPLETED poll of opinions on the fight taken by that old-time authority, the Police Gazette, throughout the United States and Canada is interesting. It shows that 172 favor Dempsey to win, while 144 believe Willard will conquer his challenger. The 172 that favor Dempsey are divided as follows: National and American League baseball players, 9; sporting editors, 4; fighters, 16; actors, 7; race track men, 8; fight promoters, 2; managers of fighters, 1; miscellaneous, 2. The doubtful ones are: National and American League baseball players, 13; sporting editors, 5; fighters, 2.

JIM HOCKING, the sixty-three-year-old pedestrian, has just returned from Cleveland, O., after wiping out the record of John Ennis, the famous professional, for a walk from New York to Cleveland, a distance of 600 miles. Hocking covered the intervening hills and dunes in eleven days and four hours, beating Ennis's old mark by twenty-four hours. In the days of long ago, when pedestrianism was more popular, columns would have been written about Hocking's accomplishment, but times and conditions have changed greatly, it seems.



WILLARD AND HEINEN.

MEN WHO'LL NAME REFEREE TO CONFER WITH PRINCIPALS

Major Biddle and Messrs. Borglum and Emple Expected in Toledo To-Day for Purpose of Discussing Question of Arbitrator With Hickard and the Fighters.

By Robert Edgren.

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MAJOR DREXEL BIDDLE, President of the Army, Navy and Civilian Board of Boxing Control, with Mr. Guston Borglum, Chairman of the Civilian Committee, and Secretary Adam Emple, are due in Toledo to-day for the purpose of conferring with Tex Rickard and the boxers and their managers on the selection of a referee and other officials for the bout, intending to put this matter squarely into the hands of America's most boxing authorities.

There has been a lot of hard work in both camps during the past few days. As a result, Jess Willard has lost a sparring partner and has filled out his staff with Steamboat Bill Scott, a soldier just back from the war, champion of his division.

It was Heinen who had enough and quit. Jess has been knocking Heinen out regularly.

Big Crowds at Both Fighters' Camps.

Interest in the battle has gripped all Toledo. Saturday afternoon and yesterday the camps of the fighters were overrun with spectators. Thousands of cars lined all the roads within half a mile of either camp. Every bit of vacant ground was a parking space. At Willard's camp yesterday at least 5,000 people struggled to get through the gates and into the canvas enclosure around the ring. Willard boxed at 2.30, as usual, and when his show was over, three-quarters of an hour later, there was a rush for Dempsey's, a mile down the single road that skirts the lake front and connects the camps. The crowd marching along that mile of road in solid column, like an invading army, cars, with horns squawking raucously, pushed along the edge of the road.

Near the Dempsey camp there was a jam, and wherever it was possible to leave the road the automobiles turned into the fields. At Dempsey's getting near even the canvas enclosure was like elbowing through a Mardi Gras crowd at Coney Island. Men and women struggled to get a glimpse of the challenger as he walked jauntily out to his work, a bath robe tossed over his shoulders. If there had been any buttons on that bath robe yesterday they'd all be treasured souvenirs in Toledo homes to-day.

Dempsey has begun just what he promised to begin, a last ten days' rally. Jack has had enough rest. Saturday De Forest let him box only six rounds. Then he shadow boxed a couple of minutes, when De Forest suddenly called to him: "That's enough."

Yesterday Jack had more work. He boxed eight rounds, four with Big Bill Tate and four with the Jamaica Kid.

Big Bill wasn't feeling any too good, he said, because he'd been hit pretty hard in the region of the ribs. But he fought. I'll say he fought. There were times when Big Bill put enough stuff on a right-hand punch to Dempsey's chin to knock an ordinary man over the ropes. Tate hit Jack on the chin with one right hander Saturday—a regular mule kick—and didn't more than shake him a bit. It was the kind of a punch that led Jack Kearns to say that Jack eats "em alive."

Yesterday Jack was a stunner for heavy wallpops. He pushed his face against them. It may be true, as Dempsey says, that he doesn't intend to hold out his chin and let Jess Willard take a crack at it, but his training indicated that he's going into the ring July Fourth entirely indifferent to anything Jess may use, from a steam roller to a stick of TNT.

Dempsey Batters Tate and Jamaica.

Both Tate and Jamaica slammed away at Dempsey, and landed, and both of them were battered until nearly ready to drop. They do say that Big Bill intended to take a two weeks' vacation yesterday—two weeks covering the rest of Dempsey's training period.

Jack talks softly and pleasantly, but he hits an awful punch. He has a pleasant smile at the training table when he sits down with his whole staff, and he's mighty considerate of a fellow's feelings, except when he has the gloves on. That's the trouble with Dempsey. He reminds me absolutely of Terry McGovern. Outside the ring he's a lovely fellow and good company and all that, but once he gets into the ropes he's a ripping, tearing wild cat.

His middle name is "Fight" and his initials are K. O. I saw him hit Tate in the stomach and Tate's backbone bulged out as if he'd swallowed a tent pole.

Changing the subject. Little O' Jess Willard had a session Saturday and yesterday, too. Friend Heinen didn't show, but this Steamboat Bill took his place and a number of large, husky wallpops.

One thing, Jess did not knock Bill out. Bill was slugging with him when they called "Time."

Yesterday was a cool day. There was a cold breeze blowing. Jess boxed his eight rounds, two each with Steamboat Bill, Joe Chip, Hempel and Monahan. He went through his stunts. But he complained that he wasn't satisfied with the way he worked. He felt slow. The change in the weather bothered him.

It's a funny thing that when Willard isn't satisfied with his work-outs he seems to be working better than ever. There is very little fat left on him, and what there is he can carry well.

Tom Jones is in town. Jones and Willard don't even nod. At least, Willard doesn't nod to Jones. I had a few words with Willard's former manager. This is what he has to say about the fight.

"I know Willard better than any other man living. He is in good enough condition to win right now. I don't think Dempsey has a chance to beat the big fellow. I have no more use for Willard than he has for me, but to give him his due, he's a superman, and he won't be beaten for years if he goes on fighting and taking care of himself. Punishment doesn't worry him, and he's a terror when he's hurt. I think Willard is in grand condition from the waist up, and as good as he needs to be for any twelve-round contest. If I was interested in him I'd like to see his legs better. He needs road work. It isn't too late to do the road work now. He could cut out boxing and go on the road every day and be better off. But road work or no road work no man living can beat him the way he is. He isn't fat. It's a fact that he did weight exactly 249½ pounds when he fought Johnson. His waist was no smaller then than it is now. He never had a small waist, and he's the stronger for it."



WILLARD WRESTLING WITH HEMPEL

Yanks Trounce Red Sox And Lead Race Again

Both White Sox and Indians Lose While Locals Are Winning.

By Bozeman Bulger.

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ON their week-end visit the Red Sox were most cordially received by Murderers' Row. The large Sunday crowd, unused to fireworks, had been eager for some time to see this shock section of the Yanks in action. After the game quite a number of them offered to hand back some change to Harry Sparrow. They had more than got their money's worth. The net haul was fifteen clean wallpops, six runs and a triumph that nudged them an inch closer into that scramble for the lead. The victory, while the White Sox and Indians were losing, put the Yanks back in the lead.

Roger Peckinpah led the welcoming party. The change of pitchers from Jones to James made no difference to him. His war club began swinging in the very first inning and had not cooled off at the end of the combat. Peck had waded right through for four clean hits over four times up and he had scored one run. This package of wallpops added so heavily to his already robust total that he is now about to shove Ty Cobb off his pedestal as the premier hitter of the league.

But Peckinpah was ably aided and abetted by Del Pratt and Duffy Lewis. Each of those inmates of the Row plunked the Red Sox pitchers for two singles and a home run. Two tallies rode home on each home run, and that practically narrates the story of the Sunday ball game.

Ernie Shore, said to be the tallest twirler in service, had a nice day of it, all bolstered up as he was with runs and hits and steals and things like that. So great grew his confidence that the Red Sox would never have scored but for a bit of wild throwing on the part of the Yanks in the seventh. They nicked Ernie for just four hits, which was far from enough to give the local populace concern.

The crowd's greatest glee, though, was to see Babe Ruth and his big bat close the afternoon with a blank record. They howled at Ruth every time he swung, and seemed happy at his failure. The mind of a baseball fan, though, is a most undependent. And that is just where Ruth hit it. But for Sam's foresight and a long run Ruth's smash would have carried on the fly to the base of the fence right center. With his back right up against the board Vick pulled down what was perhaps the longest and highest drive ever made on the P. G. Yes, it was a "sweet patootie."

At the request of the baseball clubs, the fans and the statistical bureau,

thanks are hereby extended to Ban B. Johnson for sending Billy Evans in our midst to do a bit of umpiring. It was Billy's first appearance here of the year, and fandom was so elated over seeing him again that it cried "Robber!" and "Who's paying you?" in an exceedingly low and modulated voice.

Harry Frazer came along with his ball club and after the game tried to capture and destroy Col. Huston's war-worn black derby. It was quite a struggle, but the old iron boiler withstood the assault, and the Colonel thinks it good for at least a dozen more victories. All hope has been abandoned of persuading him to take it off for the summer.

At one perilous stage of the game when runners were on second and third Ernie Shore very wisely gave Babe Ruth a base on balls. The fans hissed this show of respect for that mighty club until the Red Sox were retired without a run. Then, clutching a base on balls, they applauded lustily what they considered a smart piece of strategy.

Fistic News John Pollock and Gossip

Pittsburgh will be the scene of another important fight to-night. Mike Gibbons, the great middleweight of St. Paul, will take on Harry Greb of Pittsburgh in a ten-round no decision bout at an open air show, to be held by the Keystone A. C. at Forbes Field. As the boxing fans of that city have been anxious to see these two good fighters clash, a big crowd will probably turn out to see the scrap.

John Jennings, manager of the Armory A. A. of Jersey City, will stage three eight-round bouts at the regular weekly boxing show of his club on Wednesday night, June 26, at the Armory. The bouts will be between Jimmy Taylor of Brooklyn and Johnny Goss of Jersey City, who will spar with Johnny Houser, the last little lightweight fighter of this city.

Frank Hagler, manager of Willie Jackson, the local lightweight, has just received two offers for a fight for Jackson in "Paddy." One of them is from the Boston Athletic Club, and the other is from the National League baseball grounds on July 14. Hagler wants a guarantee of \$2,500 with an option of 25% per cent. of the gross receipts for Jackson to fight Teddie.

Harry Greb, the tangle light heavyweight, will be seen fighting about on Wednesday night, as he is about to engage in an eight-round bout at the City Club at St. Louis. His opponent in that city will be Billy Miller, the sturdy heavyweight of St. Paul, who was outwitted by Tom Gibson in a ten-round bout at Denver, Col. Both men are said to be in good shape.

Phil Gleason, the light promoter of Philadelphia, to-day notified Dan Monahan, manager of Battling Bulger, that he has called off the boxing show at Philadelphia on June 30, at which Bulger will be seen by Harry Greb. The National League baseball park, Low Tender will meet some good lightweight in the main event of six rounds.

Harold Eddie Kelly and Louis Bouché of Brooklyn, Conn., will come together in the main event of twelve rounds at the Twentieth Century A. C. of Pittsburgh, Pa., on Wednesday. At the Twentieth A. C. of Trenton, N. J., this evening, "Whitely" Wengel of Pittsburgh will exchange punches with Johnny Howard of Trenton, N. J., in the last bout of eight rounds.

Billy Gibson, who said the transportation of Joe Bonomo, the lightweight champion of Cuba, from San Francisco to this city, and who



WILLARD AND MONAGHAN

Purchase Will Earn Place Among 3-Year-Old Stars If He Can Win Brooklyn

Annual Handicap Is Feature of Aqueduct-Meeting's Opening To-Day.

By Vincent Treanor.

THE Brooklyn Handicap, one of the classics of the racing season, is run to-day. It is the feature of the opening of the Aqueduct meeting. Time was when this race was discussed weeks in advance, when newspapers columns teemed with news and comment on its running and opinions as to the probable results. But that was when there was no Willard-Dempsey championship fight to eat up space or engage the almost undivided attention of sport followers.

However the handicap is none the less interesting for all that. To horse followers throughout the country it is one of the big events of the racing season and news of its result this afternoon will be eagerly awaited in every city, town and hamlet which boasts of any sporting blood.

An unusually big field is named overnight for the race, but it isn't likely that all of the eighteen will finish the race. The field is made up of twelve regulars and five three-year-olds have won the stakes since its first running in 1857, to-day sees

AQUEDUCT SELECTIONS.

First Race—Hollister, Rodgers, Old Knick.

Second Race—No selections.

Third Race—Man o' War, Domnique, Rory O'More.

Fourth Race—Purchase, Eternal, War Cloud.

Fifth Race—Kilts II, Torchbearer, Jusqu au Bout.

Sixth Race—Hasten On, Devilguy, Dream of the Valley.

Purchase, the three-year-old owned by Sam Hildreth, the outstanding favorite, with Eternal, another of the same age, who seems destined to be the runner up to champions, as a second choice.

Up to 1901, when James R. Keene's Conroy won the race, any one believing a three-year-old could lead home a Brooklyn field was laughed to scorn. But Conroy won it and created the history of a sensational order. In 1903 Irish Lad duplicated Conroy's feat, but not until 1907 was another horse to equal the feat of the Irish Lad. Then Superman, also belonging to Keene, galloped home to victory, as did Keene's Colin, then a three-year-old, the year following.

The last three-year-old winner was Friar Rock. So it will be seen that Purchase will earn himself a place beside the foregoing stars of the turf if he can accomplish what was deemed next to impossible before Conroy's time.

Up to and including 1910, the Brooklyn Handicap was run over the Gravesend course. In 1912 it was transferred to Belmont Park, and in 1914 and thereafter it has been contested over the Aqueduct track, noted for its long stretch. Always a mile and a quarter race, the distance was reduced to a mile and a furlong in 1915.

Charley Heinemann, known in the old high class days as one of the best bookmakers and liberal priced to the betting ring, made his reappearance on the lawn at Jamaica Saturday. Charley thinks laying the odds is easier than guessing them, and hopes to be on the job from now on to meet his old-time friends. Heinemann has been in the restaurant business since he temporarily left the turf, and is now at the Colony Inn at No. 694 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.

From the way Naturalist is referred to by being fast but erratic, one would get the opinion that he is about the most inconsistent horse racing Tom Welsh, his trainer, resents the suggestion, pointing out that out of five starts this year he has won four times. Last season he won four or five races in a row. There is nothing inconsistent about that. The only trouble with Naturalist is that he is hard to train. It takes all of Welsh's help to get him to work a mile in 1.45 in the mornings. They have stationed themselves at various poles and throw things at him to show him how to train. "Butts" says he just have his own way in a race and won't stand for being "ridden" hard. Outside of that he is a great race horse.

There is something wrong with King of the Plains, but what it is isn't known. He isn't exactly a sailing plater, although he has performed like one in his last two races. Lortus couldn't do anything with him Saturday. Perhaps George Odom ought to change his system of training the colt.

St. Gabriel Tris Red Sox. The St. Gabriel Tris Red Sox, the National Red Sox at St. Gabriel (N.Y.), Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon, by a score of 5 to 3, Manager Fred Bradley sent Hess to the mound for the home team and his twirling, along with two spectacular catches of fly balls by Masse of the Salina, featured the contest.

RALPH DE PALMA ENTERS 100-MILE DERBY HERE.

Ralph De Palma, America's premier auto pilot, will be a competitor in the 100-mile Derby and other events that will feature the racing card at the Sheepshead Bay Speedway on July 4. The holder of all world's records up to 100 miles called for his entry blank Saturday and will forward it to the contest board of the A. A. A. to-day.

THE 5,000 CANARSIE STAKES REGRET HANDICAP AND 4 OTHER GOOD CONTESTS FIRST RACE AT 2.40 P. M.

SPECIAL RACE TRAINS leave Penn. Station, 33d St. and 7th Ave., also from Flatbush Av. Brookl. at 12.30, and at intervals to 2.30 P. M. Special cars reserved for ladies on all Race Trains. Also via Brookl. Grand Stand 82-85, 7th Ave. Station, leaving 1.45 P. M.

JESS BETTER THAN WHEN HE FOUGHT HERE, SAYS GIBSON

Advance Sale for Big Scrap Already \$600,000. Says Benny Leonard's Manager Upon Return From Toledo, Where He Saw Both Fighters Work Out.

By Alex. Sullivan.

"I NEVER dreamed I'd live to see anything like the interest there is in the Willard-Dempsey fight," said Billy Gibson, the local sporting impresario, to-day upon his return from Toledo, where he had a conference with Tex Rickard regarding reservations for the party he is taking to the big scrap July 4. And whisper! Bill had a little chat relative to his protegee, Benny Leonard, defending the lightweight championship in the same arena in which Jess and Jack are going to scrap. This battle may take place on Labor Day.

"Out at the battleground nobody talks any kind of money but thousands and millions," continued Gibson. "The city is absolutely fight mad. Already fans are there from countries as far away as Australia and South America. The advance sale is already \$500,000, and I would not be surprised if over a million dollars was taken in."

"Just think of an event drawing such a tremendous sum! There never was a more surprised person in the world than myself when Leonard and Dundee drew over \$500,000 for their six-round bout in Philly last week, and this their sixth meeting."

"I wouldn't be surprised if the Greb-Gibbons contest in Pittsburgh to-night drew just as much as did Benny and Johnny. I'm remarking about these bouts because it shows what tremendous interest the Willard-Dempsey fight has aroused in boxing throughout the world."

"Next year there is sure to be a boxing law in this State and more money will be attracted to the box arena than ever in the history of the padded mitt here."

"I received a letter to-day from George McDonald, the English fight promoter who brought Matt Wells to great bouts here several years ago. I had written to him some time ago that I thought Willard and Dempsey would draw three-quarters of a million dollars for their scrap. He says he believes it over there. The Carpenter-Gunboat Smith battle in London several years ago had a \$75,000 gate, which they thought a record. It was but ten times that figure! They can't imagine it."

"The fight is a puzzle when it comes to naming a winner. Dempsey looks great, but Willard looks even better to me than he did when he toyed with Frank Moran in the Garden. It is Dempsey, though, that is the big favorite with the fans out there. He is a much bigger man than the arena at Reno, where Johnson and Jeffries fought."

"And, oh, what prices they are asking for everything! But even so, can't he raise a room for love or money, and eat cost terrible prices, too. The train I'm running to the scrap will be a real train, and the morning of the fight, so every one will be sure of a night's rest on the trail, for they'd never be able to find accommodations in Toledo if they arrived in that city the night before."

"The bout is sure to do boxing a world of good, particularly if Dempsey wins."

George Engel, matchmaker of the Olympia A. A. of Philadelphia, accompanied Gibson on the trip.

TWENTY GOOD YEARLINGS AT TO-MORROW'S SALE

The first important sale of thoroughbred yearlings of the season of 1919 will be conducted at Durand's and Sons' auction room, 120 Broadway, to-morrow evening, will be marked by the offering of youngsters from the Hartland stud of owner John Hartland, of John H. Morris, and the stable of W. L. Trickett.

The sale will include twenty yearlings of the several consignments and they will leave at Durand's Sunday throughout the day. The prices at the impending sale promise to be big. Thoroughbred value were never better than they are to-day and the inquiry for yearlings is unusually active. Persons of wealth are everywhere trying to buy yearlings privately.

Yale Elects Captain. NEW HAVEN, June 23.—Howell Sawyer, of Worcester, Mass., has been elected captain of next year's Yale baseball team. He has been a regular member on the team. He prepared a Phillips letter.

RACING AT AQUEDUCT TO-MORROW

THE 5,000 CANARSIE STAKES REGRET HANDICAP AND 4 OTHER GOOD CONTESTS FIRST RACE AT 2.40 P. M.

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